Jno Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THERE are twenty-nine Sunday-schools connected with Mr. George Muller's Orphanage at Bristol. Mr. Muller affirms that all his works are carried on through the prayer of faith, and the unsolicited alms of friends.

AN eminent preacher has recently stated that he has preached thirty years, and lost only two Sundays from sickness in all that time. He attributed this uniform good health to his observance of three rules:—(1) Take abundant sleep; (2) Use no stimulants; and (3) Never touch a sermon on Saturday night.

AN American paper informs us that pauperism is making rapid strides at Paris as well as at London, the number of indigent people having increased since 1874 from 114,000 to 127,000. The figures cannot refer to London, whose paupers are about 80,000. But one curious fact we may note, that we have scarcely ever looked at a London paper during the last twelve years without observing a great decrease compared with the corresponding date of the previous year, and our wonder is that there are any paupers at all, after the reiterated and reiterated good news. We are glad to see, however, pauperism is really decreasing.

"MARY, Mary, quite contrary" to what the Church of England has been accustomed to. We observe that the Church of St. Mary's, Kingston-on-Hull, has the following institutions connected with it:—1. *S. Mary's* Church Work Association;—2. *S. Mary's* Temperance Union;—3. *S. Mary's* Sunday-school Association;—4. Guild of *S. Mary the Virgin*;—5. *S. Mary's* Band of Hope;—6. *S. Mary's* Mission Army;—7. *S. Mary's* Recreation Club;—8. *S. Mary's* Amateur Society of Change Ringers;—9. *S. Mary's* Musical Union;—10. *S. Mary's* Union for Intercessory Prayer; 11. *S. Mary's* Temperance Workman's Club;—12. *S. Mary's* Parish Library; 13.—*S. Mary's* Depôt for Pure Literature.

DR. BEGG, of Edinburgh, attributes the increase of Romanism among us to the decrease of reverence in, and trust of, the Bible. We daresay he is right. Surely it will not come to this among educated people, that Pope and priests shall be trusted to as authorities in religion.

A JEWISH paper says, in reference to gambling, "It is distressing to hear from one who evidently mixes a good deal in the society to which he refers, that card-playing is so prevalent among us. What a poverty of mental resources, what a low level of moral development, what a deplorable greed for pelf, and what a lamentable degree of morbid excitement this pernicious practice, or rather vice, betokens in those who habitually indulge in it." We fear there are many Gentiles as well as Jews on this low level.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, of America, is the oldest living poet of the Unitarian Church. A correspondent writes the following:—"The healthy method of Mr. Bryant's active life preserves him younger than his years. He eschews riding, and, besides habitually surveying on foot his farms and the improvements he is engaged in, he walks a half dozen miles with a practised step that would put to shame most young men if they should try to keep up with him. Every one that visits Cummington drives up the rugged steps of Zion's Hill, and they feel generously overpaid if they catch a glimpse of the poet in his beloved groves or fields. He does not greatly love to be seen, and has comparatively little persecution to endure. Once a stranger remarked to him that, when suffering under these intrusions, he must almost regret having written 'Thanatopsis.' 'Oh no,' said he, 'it is but the common penalty of any one who has made himself notorious. I find it makes but little difference whether he has committed a poem or a murder. In my youth I remember a vast crowd that gathered to witness a hanging, and I was one of them. It's a part of human nature, and not to be quarrelled with.'"

Not revivalists ourselves, yet we are glad to hear of any practical good arising out of the efforts of others. We learn from America that Mr. Moody's services there have led one young man to confess a robbery, which has deprived him of his liberty for three years. From an anecdote we have by us of his visit to Scotland, a grocer appears to have reaped the benefits of Mr. Moody's preaching :—"What d'ye think of this great revival that's gaun on the noo, Jamie?" asked a grocer of a brother tradesman. "Weel," answered Jamie, "I cannot say muckle about it, but I ken this—I has gotten in a guid wheen bawbees that I had gi'en up langsyne as bad debts."

A correspondent of the *English Independent*, writing from China, 1876, says:—Can your readers imagine that in the polite, and refined, and educated China of which they sometimes read, there can be an observance so horrible as a suttee? If not, let them read what occurred at Foochow on the 24th day of March 1876. A girl of seventeen was left a widow. Her friends wished her to contract a second marriage, but she was horrified at so wicked a suggestion, and they persisting in the attempt to accustom her to the idea, she determined to die publicly, that "she might meet her late husband, to whom she had been so affectionately attached, in the happier and brighter world." Richly dressed as a goddess worshipped throughout the Fokien province, she was carried to her death in an open sedan-chair, covered with red cloth. So far from seeming to fear her fate, she was smoking, and chatting and laughing with persons along the route. About 7000 persons witnessed her death, a large number of whom were dressed as at national festivals. Opposite a temple a platform was erected, with a sort of gallows over it, covered with red cloth, from the cross-bar of which a cord hung down towards the seat prepared for the youthful widow. After some idolatrous rites, she ascended to her seat amidst the cheers of the vast throng of people. Then bowing to the crowd, she called out, "Heaven and earth, and my friends, I rejoice to die in this manner!" She then thrust her head through the loop in the cord, and her face being covered with a red cloth, she jumped from her seat, and died immediately. After about a quarter of an hour her body was placed in a sitting posture in the sedan-chair, and was carried back to her home, where a coffin was ready for the reception of the corpse. It is said that she belonged to a respectable and wealthy family, and that the expenses of this horrible performance were about a thousand dollars.

The Royal Humane Society has awarded prizes to several persons this year. The Stanhope gold medal was given to a Mr. Storey, who had saved three persons from a flood, after battling against the stream for three hours. They are true heroes this society honours. It was founded by a Unitarian.

"I can recollect very well," says a friend of ours, "of the old clerk of our parish coming round about Easter time among the villagers for what was called Easter dues—the priest's tenpence and his fourpence. When he did not succeed in getting the whole sum he used to plead for his fourpence, which was paid, and the priest was told he might look after his own tenpence. This reminds us of an anecdote in the life of Horace Greeley. He once sent a claim for collection to a Western lawyer, and regarding it as rather a desperate claim, told the attorney if he collected it he might reserve half the amount for his fee. In due time Mr. Greeley received the following laconic epistle :—"Dear Sir, —I have succeeded in collecting my half of that claim. The balance is hopeless."

It is very curious to observe how words get in the course of time entirely perverted from their original meaning. We hear the word *evangelical*, which means good news, applied to the belief in a devil, endless hell, &c. &c. And so with the word *grace* and "doctrines of grace." If you look in a dictionary, you find that grace signifies favour, mercy, kindness, &c. &c., and yet, what is singular enough, doctrines which in their nature and object are just the reverse of these are called doctrines of grace. The following is forcibly stated in a contemporary, and is worthy of consideration:—"Calvinists often speak of the *doctrines of grace*. Ask them what they are, and you will be told, original sin, total depravity, and eternal misery. If you do not believe these doctrines, they will take it upon them to reprobate you as a heretic, and doom you to endless woe. They will not fellowship you as a Christian believer in the true Gospel, which shows that they consider these doctrines an essential part of the Gospel. But I am not able to discover any *grace* in these doctrines. Is it *grace* to be born in sin, or with a sinful nature? Is it *grace* to be totally wicked? Is it *grace* to be cast into never-ending torment? If these doctrines be *grace*, the *Lord deliver me from grace*. However well pleased any one may be that his fellow-creatures shall be eternally miserable, I should think that no man can be well pleased with this portion for himself, or any other whom he loves as well as himself."

CANON RYLE has spoken on the differences which exist in the Church. "He could tell those who were counting on the divisions of Churchmen to forward their own schemes for the ruin of the Church, that they would find Church parties like man and wife, they would scratch each other's faces, but would join together to stop any one else who tried to do the same thing."

"WHAT do you know of your ghostly enemy," asked a teacher in a Devonshire school; the unexpected reply being, "If you please, ma'am he lives to Widecombe." Throughout all that country side the devil seems to have been specially connected with Widecombe ever since the great storm of Sunday, October the 21st, 1638, recorded in a tract printed in the "Harleian Miscellany," and reprinted during the present year in the excellent account of the parish by Mr. R. Dymond. It is to be feared that the power of the "adversary" is by no means confined to Widecombe, but the storm as Bishop Hall insisted, was directly caused by his power; and the story went that a grim-looking horseman, riding over the moor on the morning of the "strange and lamentable accident," stopped for drink at a small hostel, and said that he must be at Widecombe at noon. As he drank some of the liquor fell into his open riding-boot, and hissed as though it had touched heated iron. It was the Evil One himself, the "prince that ruffles in the airy region," and who was to guide the thunderbolt toward the lofty tower of Widecombe Church. In the church, according to the quaint old narrative, there fell, in time of Divine service, "a strange darkness, increasing more and more. . . . And suddenly a mighty thundering was heard, the rattling whereof did answer much like unto the sound and report of many great cannons, and terrible strange lightning therewith, greatly amazing those that heard and saw it. . . . The extraordinary lightning came into the church so flaming that the whole church was presently filled with fire and smoke, the smell whereof was very loathsome, much like unto the scent of brimstone. Many persons were killed. The minister, Master George Lyde, being in the pulpit, was unhurt, "but the lightning seized upon his poor wife, fired her ruff, and linen next to her body, and her clothes, to the burning of many parts of her body, in a very pitiful manner. . . . And one man, going out at the chancel door, a dog, running out before him, was whirled about towards the door and fell down stark dead, at sight whereof he stepped back within the door and God preserved him alive.

WHEN a man takes more pleasure in earning money than in spending it, he has taken the first step towards wealth.

WE trust committees like the Court of Chancery will redeem their character from the charge of mere talk—talk—talk. Mr. Moody says of committees:—"If Noah had waited for a committee to build the ark, the keel wouldn't have been laid to this day. Long ago Sydney Smith said: "If the building of the ark had been entrusted to a committee, there would have been no survivors of the deluge."

WOULD some of our Irish correspondents confirm or otherwise the following we clip from a news-sheet?—"There is a town in Ireland, named Bessbrook, whose inhabitants are mainly in the employ of a Mr. J. G. Richardson, of the Society of Friends, and a wealthy manufacturer. There is not a licensed public-house in the place, nor will Mr. Richardson allow one on his lands. There are no police; the operatives are all in comfortable circumstances; there are day and evening schools, costing the parent a penny a week per child, and there is a savings' bank in the town in which it is said some of the operatives have deposits ranging from £200 to £400. Mr. Richardson says that as soon as the public-house obtains a foothold in Bessbrook, a police force and pawnshops will become necessary."

LITTLE kindnesses paid to persons in humble position very often minister an incalculable amount of happiness and also of self-respect. Bayard Taylor gives a fine illustration of this in a recent account of a visit which he paid to Weimar, the scene of the great Goethe's labours. A lady said to him:—"Our servants were devoted to him, because with all his personal dignity he was so kind and human in his treatment of them. I remember we had once a cook, a young woman from the country, who took great pains to observe what dishes he particularly relished. When he visited Jena he usually lived in our garden house, and his meals were carried to him there. So, the next time he came over from Weimar, the cook prepared the dinner she thought he would like. Goethe was tired and hungry, and was so touched by this attention to his tastes that he said to her, 'Thou art a good child!' took her head between his two hands, and kissed her on the forehead. She rushed back to the house breathless, her hands clasped and her eyes shining as I never saw them before, and said to us:—'Oh, he kissed me on the forehead!' And, for days afterward, she moved about the house with such a quiet, serene, solemn air, that one could only believe that she felt the kiss as a consecration.

WHAT DO I CARE?

SEATED in the parlour of a friend a few days since, languidly turning over the leaves of a book, and musing, rather than reading, I was aroused from my listlessness by the hasty entrance of a little girl. Scarcely seeing me in her eagerness, she held up some pictures to the view of her sister, and exclaimed:

"See all these beautiful pictures M. has given me! I am going to cut them out, and "——

What she was intending to do with her pictures I shall probably never know, for her sister at this moment looked up from the book she was reading. A more freezing tone I never heard, than that in which she asked,—

"Well, what do I care?"

Now, do not imagine this young lady to be either heartless or selfish, or even indifferent to her little sister's happiness; she was simply very much preoccupied at the moment. On the contrary, she was very much attached to her young sister, and usually manifested her affection in so many ways as to leave no doubt in the child's mind that she *did* care for any and every thing that interested her.

The astonishment of the eager child was too great to leave thought of reply. She slowly retreated from the room, casting back upon her sister a look of mingled grief and amazement, as if half in doubt of her sister's sanity.

"Dear little Fannie!" thought I, "it is a hard lesson to learn, but it may be as well you should learn it now, as in your coming years."

"What do *I* care?" veiled with more or less of courtesy, is the language of each to each, throughout the world. A friend calls. You happen to have a dozen little troubles just at the time. You would studiously conceal them from a stranger, but this is a real friend, and if you are impulsive in disposition, you have probably poured more than half of them into her courteously attentive ear, before your eye has caught from hers the chilling question, "What do *I* care?"

Then vexed with yourself for having imagined her interested in matters which will cease to interest you as soon as the temporary annoyance has passed away, you pass to other subjects, and, if the lesson is for a few moments unpleasant, it has its uses.

"What do I care?" asks the world of the young aspirant, who comes before it with his ambitious hopes; and very often it repeats the same question, when the disappointed and broken-spirited old man recounts the history of his failures.

The craving for human sympathy is a natural and pardonable weakness, particularly in the young, but the sooner we banish from our hearts a too implicit reliance upon it the better for our prospect of happiness. For it cannot be well that we should very much desire a boon which the majority of our fellow-mortals are altogether unable to bestow. Unable, not because, in sentimental parlance, this is a "selfish" or a "heartless world," but because it is a very busy world, and each one has, or ought to have, head, heart and hands, all filled to overflowing with individual duties and interests.

Is it not, after all our self-delusions, a kind of mental invalidism that would wish it otherwise? As the tiny toddler would never gain the strength to walk firmly alone, could it always be upheld by its mother, or its nurse, so would our hearts be always timidly dependent upon human sympathy, could we have it always near us. Those of us who feel that this is a cold, hard philosophy, have only to turn to Him whose name is Love, and whom we "have always near us."

There are invalids, who consider it the duty of every friend who visits them to listen to the full history of their ailments. They tell you of the very day they first took cold, and how they added to it upon a subsequent day; or perhaps it is what they ate, and how they slept, or did not sleep.

Is it really Christian kindness which forbids you to say, "What do I care?"

Well, perhaps it is, particularly in the case of extreme nervousness or loneliness, for "a wounded spirit who can bear;" and we might inflict a wound deep and deadly, if the patient is loving and sensitive. But if you love her, (this kind of invalid is usually feminine),

seize the first possible opportunity to turn her attention to other subjects. Possibly the greatest good of the fairy bouquets distributed by the flower mission, was the carrying of the recipient's mind away from the couch of sickness, the dingy workshop, or the stifling attic, to the fresh pastures, the spicy woods, the dewy meadows of their childhood. Again they rambled through the dells, and climbed the hills to find the wild-flowers, or carefully tended the pansies, pinks and roses in the little garden by the home-door. So, for a little time, the spirit went back to the country air, and the heart to its home loves; and, after all, is it not oftenest heart and soul that are sick among this class of invalids?

Nor can we deal too gently with the aged, and although the impatient "What do I care?" may arise in the heart, as we listen to garrulous complaints, or uninteresting reminiscences, we can never guard the eye or lip too closely. For the speaker has nearly reached the river, and farewell words are too sacred for criticism.

In no phase of human experience is sympathy so eagerly craved, and yet often so capriciously rejected, as in the first agony of a great bereavement.

"What do *they* care?" asks the soul, in its bitterness, as it turns coldly from the stereotyped phrases of consolation, scarce able to reply to the well-meaning friend who has spoken or written. Yet a pressure of the hand, a tremour of the voice, a silent caress, even a sweet flower laid upon the loved one's coffin, or upon the grave where the sunshine of our lives is laid,—anything that says, "we *do* care, more than words can tell;" and the stone is rolled away from the heart's sepulchre while human sympathy and human love appear again to us as clad in shining raiment, to say, "He is not here, he is risen."

Another class of mourners there are who wish to tell you the whole history of their loss, how the beloved one did not seem quite as well, what Dr. so and so prescribed, and what neighbour somebody predicted. If given to superstition, they will tell you how the dog howled under the window, or, if dwellers by the sea, that the spirit passed just as the tide was going out, an idea so poetical, you almost forgive its heathenism.

Revisit the home of your childhood, after many years of absence. How many such stories you will hear. It seems sad enough to find so many vacant places, while those who remain are all so sadly changed, and to feel that you are yourself most changed of all, without this rehearsal for your benefit, of all the sorrows of the years that are gone. Yet so it is, and almost invariably,

"We speak of friends and their fortunes,
And of what they did and said,
'Till the dead alone seem living,
And the living alone seem dead.

"And at last we hardly distinguish
Between the ghosts and the guests,
And a mist, a shadow of sadness,
Steals over our merriest jests."

We have all felt this, and for this we have often echoed the poet's question:

"Does the meeting give us pleasure,
Or does it give us pain?"

Perhaps it would be happier for most of us, if having left the dear haunts and dear friends of our childhood while the halo of youth was around our brows, and its enthusiasm was in our hearts, we should never return to them again.

Then should we always be to these loved ones like the picture of ourselves, which hangs undimmed within the shaded parlour, the eyes still bright, the cheeks still full and rosy with the glow of youth. Why send back an occasional photograph to show the footprints of Old Time? Alas! he has done more than furrow the features; he has trampled ruthlessly over all the roses in both heart and home. Why go we back, mere ghosts of our former selves, to be the guests of other ghosts, and remind each other of departed lives? A young friend is in the habit of saying, with a little sigh, when anything annoying or vexatious occurs, "Well, it is all in a life-time." Perhaps it is necessary that these "bitter-sweet" experiences should also be in a life-time.

If you must go back to the old home, and visit the graves of your loved ones, and look upon the wrinkled faces of your former playmates, showing them

in return "how old and gray you have grown," either leave your children at home, or keep them away from you in merry play with other children as much as possible. For your own heart will often be saddened by associations of the past, and your ears must listen reverently to sad stories from many an aged relative, to whom it would be cruelty to even look the question, "What do I care?"

But the child, if present, is receiving a new revelation. He has had a vague idea that death was in the world, but it has never come home to his feelings in all this ghastly reality till now. To you it has been the messenger of God,

"The kind and gentle servant who unlocks,
With noisless hand, Life's flower-encircled door,
And shows us those we love."

Very lovingly have you thus depicted him to your child. Very carefully have you guarded him from any dreary or fearful views of the ferryman commissioned by a kind Father to convey his children over the river, whose waters alone divide time from eternity. Yet there is one to whom death is the grim "king of terrors," and the journey one to be dreaded. Too old now to have that impression of a mistaught youth banished from her mind, it is your duty, perhaps, to listen courteously to her sad account of the last sicknesses, deathbeds and funerals of all your departed relatives. But for sweet mercy's sake first banish that child to the sunshine and fresh air. I have known sensitive and thoughtful children, over whose minds such gloomy narratives have cast a shadow for years. And if in return they desire of you some account of the years of absence, pray remember the story of the fruit-grower. Carefully dividing the beautiful peach, he gave the ripest half to his visitor, saying smilingly, "We give the sunniest side to our friends."

It is no deception, if, from a life varied as every life must be with joy and sorrow, we select the pleasant experiences for our friends, and leave the others in our own hearts.

Listen reverently, then, to the chronic sorrows of the aged, tenderly to the transient griefs of the little child, sympathisingly to the premature disappointments of youth; but although you may not abruptly say, "What do I care?" you can, with Christian courtesy, try to lead their minds into the purer atmosphere of a higher life. We can each of us, however limited our influence, try to lead our own little circle to a wider range of thought, to give a higher tone to conversation. We are so often tempted to exclaim with Christie, "Why keep up such an endless clatter about gowns and dinners, your neighbours' affairs, and your own aches, when there is a world full of grand questions to settle, lovely things to see, wise things to study, and noble things to imitate?"

It is not more of feeling that the world needs, it is more of depth to the feeling it already has in abundance. We need more breadth to our lives, particularly those of us who are restricted to home circles. There, if anywhere, we should use our talents to improve and elevate those who abide with us. If our breakfast talk can give us higher subjects of conversation than that the coffee is clear or muddy, the steak burned or broiled, if we have slept well or ill, and if we shall make calls, or go shopping, the day will not probably do much in aid of any good work, and the world at sunset will not be much better for our having spent the day in it.

Our conversation should be the index of what we are, but with a species of moral cowardice we almost invariably make it agree more nearly with our own estimate of our companions. Particularly is this the case where the speaker is a man of only average intelligence, who has undertaken to "entertain" a circle of ladies. If he has too much refinement to imitate a king's jester, or the clown at a circus, he at least sinks at once to a sort of rose-water mediocrity. Let him enter a gathering of his own sex, and he at once passes to important topics, and discourses in a sensible manner. This style of man always has a low estimate of woman's intellect, and has done more than any other to make her worthy of it. Why has not some one the courage to say, "Well, sir, what do I care for

all this frivolous flattery, this idle jesting? Talk like a sensible man if you want sensible women to listen."

If she cannot courteously say this in word, she can at least say it in manner, giving but an indifferent attention to his platitudes, and a more earnest one to the few men who have intellect enough to fully appreciate hers.

"What do *I* care?" we may quietly ask, when we are threatened with isolation, if we climb the heights of knowledge or of moral purity. It is safer to make ourselves superior to human sympathy, but there is no fear we shall lack this blessing, because we have reached too great an elevation. Like the sunshine, it is brightest upon the hilltops. We shall never reach so great an ascent that some kindred spirit will not have arrived there before us, or follow us closely. Our hand-clasp at the summit will probably be quite as warm and true as in the vale below, but we shall not be likely to discourse to each other of the fashion of our garments, or even of the fatigue of the ascent, while a world of glorious beauty is unfolded to our view.

"What do *I* care?" it is always safe to say if a meddler undertakes to give you someone's opinion of yourself. If, keeping our own souls stainless, we are not troubled about the world's good opinion, we usually receive more of it, and certainly enjoy it more. Whenever we have made an earthly good secondary to "the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness," it has most surely "been added unto us" according to the promise.

JULIA A. CARNEY.

"HELEN'S BABIES."

MANY of our readers are, no doubt, familiar with "Helen's Babies," and especially with the younger of the two, little "Toddie," who wants to "shee wheels go wound," who from his fond mamma's point of view, "has not his brother's sublime earnestness, but he does not need it; the irresistible force with which he is drawn towards the beautiful compensates for the lack." Those who have read this charming little book will no doubt have conceived an almost affection for both these "best children in the world," and will have sympathised more with them in their little troubles than even with poor Uncle Harry. But while the reader has been so often amused with little Toddie's panacea for everything that has "hurted" him, they have hardly entertained the thought that the original of the little mischievous pet, while they were laughing over his funny little sayings, and his little simple prayers, so full of faith, was in reality asking mamma to "wock him and shing, 'Toddie one-boy day!'" as he gradually sank to sleep on that mamma's lap, to wake up with all his ideas of heaven realised, and his wish to see his little brother Phillie again granted; "wantsh to shee Phillie aden awfoo," says Toddie, in response to Bridgie's remark, "Papa told me to be glad that dear little Phillie was in heaven, an' I *was*, but I do want to see him again awful." Even while we were reading of these little innocents, "compared with older people whom we endure, how great their faith, how few their faults, how superior their love;" one of them, little Toddie, has gone to that beautiful home of children, there to have his childish ideas of heaven realised, though, perhaps, not just as he himself expressed them, "Lord takesh papa to heaven, an' Bridgie, an' me, and we'll go walkin' an' zee ze Lord, an' play wif ze angels' wings, an' hazh good timsh, an' never have to go to bed at all, at all." Poor little Toddie knows all about it now, Uncle Harry, and sees for ever and ever the vision of Ezekiel's wheels, and above them the appearance of the likeness of the Lord.

"Toddie," one of the originals of "Helen's Babies," died suddenly of membranous croup, on Tuesday evening, in Brooklyn. He was the youngest son of John Habberton, the author of the book named, and was a child of unusual quaintness and promise. — *Boston Transcript, U.S.*

"Of such are the kingdom of heaven." J. W.

A BOY having been told that a reptile is "an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one on examination day, promptly and triumphantly replied "a baby."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

By a Unitarian Minister.

It is for this I value liberal Christianity, and feel bound to urge it. I have many friends among the orthodox denominations, and I like many things in their Churches — better, perhaps, than in my own. But every orthodox creed teaches the everlasting damnation of a portion of the human race—teaches that God has made and keeps up a great apparatus of torture, where men are to be tormented for ever, without any hope or any end. It is impossible to believe in human brotherhood so long as this doctrine is maintained. Those whom God looks upon as so foul as to be for ever unfit for His society we ought not to regard as fit for ours. Moreover, some orthodox creeds teach that human salvation depends on holding certain opinions, and that those who even honestly reject them will be for ever lost. No good father would condemn his child for an honest error of opinion; if God does so He does not treat them as His children, and we ought not to treat them as brothers. I therefore feel bound to oppose such orthodox systems until they renounce those dishonourable views of the character of God; for so long as they are maintained and taught the brotherhood of man is impossible.

The Scriptures teach us that the time will come in which every knee shall bow to Christ, and every tongue confess that he is Lord of the glory of God the Father. I believe with all my heart that this is so. But that time is to come, not by any miracle, not by any special providence, but by the truth and love which are in Jesus, and by his Gospel being seen and known. This will cause men to bow to him. Because he is the best, purest, and noblest of all beings, and because his truth is adapted to all our wants, all will bow to him. His authority is in the supreme beauty and perfection of his doctrine and his influence. But this must be shown to others by those who themselves are influenced by it. As Christ reveals God to man by his life and words, so Christians, by their own lives and words, must reveal Christ to their fellow-men. We must show that we believe in human brotherhood by sympathising with all, despising none, seeking those who are in sorrow and need, and becoming to them mediators of the love of God in Christ. It is for this that the Church exists—to reveal Christ to men by doing Christ-like works, and going forth in his name to seek and to save those who are lost. Let Christians endeavour to do this work, and so prove that they really believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The Churches, if they do nothing else, keep alive this sense of the greatness of humanity. Elsewhere we meet classes of men, this or that kind of man; in the church we meet man. At school we meet scholars; at the poll we meet voters; at balls and parties we meet our own set; in shops we meet business people. Everywhere else we find variety, separation, men divided into parties, clubs, societies, according to their tastes. But in the Church man meets man on the common ground of humanity. The fashionable people and those whose lives are cold grey, plain, meet before God. Those who live for pleasure, and those who live to do good; the idler and the hard-worker; the public man and the man of privacy; the student and the man of action; gray hairs leaning toward the grave, childhood just leaving the cradle —all meet together on one level before God. If I did not go to church for anything else, I should go for this. The sermon might be stupid; then I should not listen to it. The prayers might not suit me; then I should pass them by. The music might grate on my ear; I should try not to hear it. But I should at least see human faces; I should meet humanity—not rich or poor men, not great men or little, but men. One would stand before me greater than the temple, greater than its liturgy, its prayers, its priests, its ritual—my brother man, bowed before my father, God. This would make to me the church a home, whether it were Catholic or Protestant, Presbyterian, Quaker, or Methodist. I would not lose this great influence; for it tends to humanise our life and join us to our

race, opposing the tendency to caste, to cliques, to all narrowness, by its broad inclusion.

HOW TO BRING UP BOYS.

The worst thing a parent can do to a boy is to pamper him. A boy can be fed to death and nursed to death. He can be killed by motherly kindness and fatherly guardianship. Boys are only young animals with minds, or what will one day be minds. The most essential part of a boy is his stomach. The next important members of his organism are his legs. Good, strong, sturdy legs, and a stomach able to digest anything in the way of food, and any amount of it, make an equation for boyhood. Do not, then, keep your boy in the house, doting father; but give him a bat and a ball, a pair of skates, anything he needs for outdoor amusement, and send him out of doors. Go with him yourself, if possible. Skate with him, race with him, be a boy with him now, that he may be a man with you by and by.

How often have we seen birds scold and push their fledglings out of the nest, compelling them thus to rely on themselves! How they will flutter around them, and make an occasional shoot into the upper air, to encourage the little things to try their wings, by showing them how easily it can be done. Can you not be as wise as birds? Shall the dumb things beat you at the game of parentage? Keep your boy out of doors, father. Let him mingle with other boys. It will do him good to be buffeted and abused a little by his playmates. It will teach him to stand up for his rights, and give him confidence in himself. It will make him cautious, and wary, and self-reliant. A doll-boy is a fraud on nature. A boy is like a whip-lash—he is not worth anything if he has not got the shap in him somewhere. What is it that has made you succeed in life? And how has it developed you? You were not pampered much when a boy, eh? Well, be as wise to your son as your father was to his. Give him a chance to be vigorous and plucky. Start him right. "I write unto you, young men, because you are strong."

TRY.

Try is a small word, but of mighty signification; stimulating to activity, rebuking to indolence, which should be ever before our eyes, should influence all the worthy conceptions of our minds. Try to improve, try to become wiser, better, purer, holier; try to overcome difficulties, and to face opposition; try to have the faith of Abraham, the zeal of Paul, the love of John; try to imitate the Master, to put on the Lord Jesus, and you will succeed, if not to the same heights in piety they attained, at least to no inconsiderable portion of their spirit and their excellence. This fine old Saxon word—Try—has a ringing sound with it, inspiring and encouraging exertion. It has been the watchword of heroes, saints, and martyrs; of those also who have unlocked the stores of science, or who have by their inventions done so much for civilisation and all its attendant blessings. Columbus was long convinced that a large continent existed on the other side of the globe, and he ceased not to try till he had discovered it, though doomed in the search to sneers and contumely; to fear, at one time, that his dearest hopes would be frustrated, through the ignorance or malice of his adversaries. Faust tried, and tried again, to introduce the art of printing, was treated as a magician, yet won his way to distinction as the discoverer of what has proved of untold blessings to mankind. Stephenson was subject to much ridicule, even in high quarters, when he proposed railways; but he tried to effect his purpose, and he triumphantly succeeded. And in like terms may we speak of Watt, who preceded him in the adaptation of the steam-engine to the most important purposes.

But to try has been peculiarly the aim of those who have reformed the world. In a very early period of our nation's history, when the Anglo-Saxon had conquered the land, and all England was in a state of savage idolatry, Augustine, with his followers, came over from Rome to introduce Christianity. He and his disciples had much hardship and suffering to endure, but

they were faithful to the light within, to them the candle of the Lord, and they nobly persevered; and there cannot be a doubt, that imperfect as was their doctrine, and also their mode of teaching, they effected a small amount of good. Then we have Howard going into noisome dungeons and pest-houses for the sake of poor prisoners, and those afflicted with terrible diseases; trying to benefit those wretched beings, and thus meriting a fame that will brighten more and more, through all time. Robert Raikes, the kind-hearted printer of Gloucester, was struck very painfully at seeing the neglected state of the juvenile population in his native town, especially on Sundays, and he said, "I will try to make them better," and he did try, and through his persevering exertions Sunday-schools were generally established. This was nigh to a century since, and see how they have become institutions in many a Christian land.

Once again, their lived at the beginning of the present century a very benevolent and active Quaker, who did, for day schools, what not long before Raikes had effected for Sunday-schools. Joseph Lancaster had seen and lamented the too prevalent ignorance existing among the poorer classes, and he thought he would try to rescue the children. So he began schools for all, without any reference to creed, and on an entirely new plan, and he went up and down England to interest wealthy persons in his work, and he met with much opposition, yet also with wonderful success. The King, George the Third, heard of his doings, and sent for him to the palace, that they might confer together. The good king's parting words to the honest, plain-spoken Friend, were, "I hope the time will soon arrive when every poor child in our dominions will be able to read his Bible." The schools Lancaster thus founded were, at first, very properly, called by his name. There was no good reason why the name should be altered into that of the British Schools. It was an injustice to him, the originator; but he has gone, many years back, to that place where name and fame can no more cheer or annoy. Lancaster always avowed that the monosyllable, try, ever exerted a great influence on his mind and actions.

And so we know that the greatest benefactors to their race have been similarly exercised. How did Fenelon, did Wesley, did Oberlin, did Tuckerman, try, perseveringly, unweariedly try, to confirm the feeble knees, and to make straight paths for the feet; and not these alone, but a multitude of others, whom the time would fail to recount. Their bright example should animate and cheer. May we be followers of them, in spirit at least, as they were followers of Christ.

It is worth the while to try to succeed in any, in every lawful occupation of life, for all lawful business is also honourable, no matter what its kind may be; try to master it, to make it your own. Do not be down-hearted, because it may have its hardships, or may not be very easy to learn; go to it with the whole man, and you will conquer. Try to make the most of your time and opportunities, not despising small things, and well using your spare minutes. Try to acquire good habits, for it has been well said, "Man is a bundle of habits." Try to rise early, and form the habit whilst young. Try to be in time at school, and at your place of worship, and thus honour the sacred day of rest; and above all, try to keep the Lord always before you, to fear Him, to love Him, to obey Him; try to look to Jesus, and to learn of him, who was meek and lowly of heart; try to keep your temper under provocation, not to return railing for railing, nor one sharp word for another. Here again the example of the Lord Christ should be all powerful with you, for he returned blessing for cursing, and good for evil; try to be at peace with your neighbours, and to set them a pattern of long suffering, thus maintaining a conscience void of offence towards God and man; try to avoid even the appearance of evil, and, O try to walk uprightly through life, resolving that your heart shall not reproach you as long as you live. Go not into forbidden places, abhor crooked paths, maintain the dominion of truth and honour, and in the dying words of the

good old Puritan, "Grieve not conscience wice." All this may cost you some self-denial, some exercise of faith and resolution. Still go onward, "faint not, fear not." God will not forget you, nor your labours of love; try with your whole soul and strength for the crown, and you will win it. Let *Excelsior* be your motto, and it will prove your ever bright and guiding star.

AWAKE!

Awake! rise up, the spring is come,
And flowers spread o'er the lea;
Away with discontent and gloom—
Enjoy the scene with me.

Awake! no longer winter reigns,
The frost and cold are fled;
New life the modest snowdrop gains,
And leaves its lowly bed.

Awake! 'tis vain to linger still
With drowsiness oppressed;
Come, climb with me the towering hill,
In nature's verdure dressed.

Awake! the eagle soars on high,
And greets the morning sun;
Away with those who fret and sigh—
Ye dismal thoughts, begone!

Awake! new life is all around,
The leaves and buds appear;
Gloom flies, and lovely forms abound,
To deck the opening year.

Awake! the sorrows of the heart
With joys are overcome;
Let man with angels bear their part,
To cheer this earthly home.

Awake! if pain you sometimes feel,
Or sadness witness here,
There is a God, who wounds to heal,
And ready is to hear.

Awake! the universe is His,
He leads with gentle sway,
Calls you to share eternal bliss
In everlasting day.

Awake! you cannot idly stand—
All nature lives and moves,
Upheld by the Almighty's hand—
Activity He loves.

Awake! reform can never rest,
Nor progress long delay;
Awake! the stirring soul is blest—
Mind cannot fade away.

Awake! the spirit always wakes,
Or wherefore should it live?
To God it rises, and forsakes
The ills He did not give.

Awake! and court each lofty thought,
Each flower of wisdom prize;
For laziness is dearly bought,
'Twill never make us wise.

—*Eliza Haddock, Horncastle.*

BOYHOOD OF A GREAT MAN.

In the ancient church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, lie the remains of Dr. Robert Hooke, the eminent philosopher, and one of the founders of the Royal Society. He was born in 1635, and his taste for mechanics and scientific pursuits was first shown in making little toys which evinced wonderful dexterity. On one occasion, seeing an old brass clock taken to pieces, he constructed one of wood, that would go, and keep time; he also built a ship about a yard long, fitly shaped, masted, and rigged; armed with two small guns, which could be discharged on the passage of the ship over a miniature lake. He was educated at Westminster School, under Dr. Busby, where he acquired not only Greek and Latin, with some knowledge of Hebrew, but other Oriental languages, and became master of Euclid. While residing at Oxford, he contrived for the Hon. Robert Boyle the first really efficient air-pump, and applied the balance or pendulum spring to a watch, by which he rendered what had been but a rude toy an almost perfect measurer of time. He made a series of operations on the barometer, by which he found that the variations of the mercurial column did not depend upon the moon's motion (as had been taught), but were owing to the varying density of the air. Thus, the barometer became in his hands a weather-glass, or, as he calls it, the "Weather Wiser." He next invented his circular pendulum, continuous in its motion. He applied it to a telescope, mounted equatorially, so as to keep it always coincident with the star's motion. This invention is better known as Watt's governor of the steam-engine; Watt applied it, Hooke was the inventor. He proposed a system of telegraphy by connecting between different stations a wire acted upon by vibration, or musical notes, and thus communicating almost instantaneous intelligence. In 16 .3 he invented the watch-wheel cutting machine, and a mode of grinding spectacle lenses, more than 100 at once to the same focal power. This contrivance is daily used at Sheffield, but few know the name of the inventor. A

complete list of Dr. Hooke's inventions would fill a volume. He was the first to discover the mathematical form of all manner of arches, with the true abutment necessary for each. In one of his inventions he clearly indicates the stethescope, or chest-explorer. He invented the spring balance, known as Marriott's or Satter's weighing machine. We are indebted to him for the steelyard. He discovered that the density of air in a diving-bell is doubled at the depth of thirty-four feet. He must have possessed the secret of the steam-engine, when he stated that "the air presses with force the vacuum left after the use of fire." Newcomen and Savory, the original constructors of steam-engines, were intimate with Dr. Hooke, and often talked with him on the subject of steam. In 1685 Hooke published his "Micrographia," a description of minute bodies, made by magnifying-glasses, with observations—the great authority upon the microscope. For all this, how few know anything of Dr. Robert Hooke!—*John Timbs.*

PRAYER BEFORE SLEEP.

THE night is come. Like to the day
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
Keep still in my horizon, for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest my soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,
And with as active vigour run
My course, as does the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death: O make me try
By sleeping what it is to die,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee.
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
O come that hour when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL.

"He hath made everything beautiful in his time."

THESE are soul-reviving words, whilst they embody a great as well as universal truth. They may have been written, as is commonly supposed, by Solomon, so renowned for his wisdom, but more likely by someone who wished to present his thoughts under the shelter of that venerated name. The sentiment thus conveyed is noble and inspiring, just to the great first cause of all things, and well adapted to call forth emotions of joy, and gratitude, and love from him who considers for what purpose he is brought into being.

Beautiful is the word; none could have been selected as more expressive of the world around us—the "happy world" of Paley, not the gloomy world of Calvin; the best possible world for human nature in its present condition, for all the men and women on it; frail, tempted, toiling, struggling, yet supported and encouraged—upheld by an almighty arm, guided safely, if submitting to be led by that guidance, to an eternal home. It is a state of things producing ceaseless variety. There is nothing monotonous in nature, no deadness, no comatose appearances; all is life, activity, cheerfulness; enough of regularity to ensure the carrying on of the great purposes of existence; enough of change to take off wearisomeness and to stimulate the healthy exercise of the physical and intellectual faculties. The light of the body is the eye, and how is the eye delighted with what it observes on every side. The sea, the glorious mirror of the Almighty's form; the sea, apparently disjoining, but really connecting, the several countries of the earth; the sea, now heaving with billows and lashed into foam, now smooth and glassy as the peaceful inland lake; the mountains lifting their heads above the clouds, the lesser hills clothed with verdure to their tops, the valleys covered with corn, the fields flaming with wild flowers, the rivers meandering soft and slow through them—all these are full of beauty in themselves, and they reflect a sense of beauty on all our souls. Nor less if we turn to the heavens above us.

What a sight must this have been to Adam, and to him, also, who, long pent in darkness, had his eyes for the first time directed to the glittering host of the firmament! How would the constellations strike him with awe, yet with rapture! The circling stars round the Pole, and "Orion heaving his bright shoulder" from the south, the moon walking in her fulness, the galaxy with its zone of light. Nothing can be imagined more magnificent than the starry heavens, and it is only familiarity from our earliest childhood that makes us insensible to the grandeur of the scene. The sacred writers were not thus unobservant; they speak most eloquently on a subject so interesting and so sublime. They tell us how the heavens declare the glory of God, and that the greater and the lesser lights are to us for signs and seasons, to rule the day and the night, that thus their beneficial influence might be felt and acknowledged by the whole human race.

And the eye which sees all this, and which drinks in beauty by the exercise, is in itself an instrument of the most exquisite workmanship, a wonder in itself of the rarest skill in its formation, and of the completest adaptation to its purpose. We speak not merely of its utility, but of its beauty, for it is the most conspicuous ornament of the body; it beams with lustre, it has a language of its own, for it can awe or entreat, can command, can supplicate, can reward. "The examination of the eye," says Paley, "is a cure for Atheism." So, to the serious and contemplative mind, it certainly is; none other should undertake the task.

But the wise, the good, the gifted of our race, have taught us how to use the faculty of vision, and have recorded the beauties it discloses. Amongst English landscapes, pre-eminently glorious is that which may be surveyed from Richmond-hill:—

"Loveliest of hills that rise around,
With swelling domes and glittering villas crowned."

Or, as described with the richly descriptive pen of Scott, "A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and interesting promontories and massive and tufted groves. The Thames, the mighty monarch of the scene, running through the whole, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories." This is but one of the charming spots of the earth. Such are numberless, and on every part of its surface. All things are made beautiful.

Then how much is there in sound to delight the ear, to soothe, to animate, to raise the mind! The pealing thunder, the mighty, rushing wind, the soft breeze of the trees, "like the sweet south, over a bank of odours;" the melody of the groves or the ripple of the tiny brook over the pebbles. And if we consider sounds of a more artificial kind, Jubal surely did immense service to mankind when he invented the organ, and although his organ was probably only a collection of reeds fitted together, it was the germ of that mighty instrument which now causes "the pealing anthem to swell the note of praise," which gives such sublime effect to the matchless compositions of Handel, of Beethoven, of Mendelssohn. God formed the ear, and he gave it the sense of harmony. It is all from his beneficence and constant concern for our happiness. His tender mercies are over all his works.

But we might linger on this theme and find it still growing as we proceed.

A word on the providence that guards and guides, and is never withdrawn, and here we borrow the language of an elegant devotional writer: "We have abundant reason to rest in the delightful assurance that of every event which takes place, all the care is taken which perfect wisdom can dictate and infinite goodness require; that all its consequences are foreseen and considered; that its time, its place, its measure, its duration, are all appointed by Him who first set in motion the complicated and mighty wheels which bring it round." So there is a beautiful order in the whole scheme of the divine government, because all is good and for good, not merely on the whole, but for every part, however minute, for every soul, however humble, for the meanest in man's sight, who may be anything but mean in the eye of his Father.

The world around us—this the first

stage of our existence—is full of beauty, so is the world within us, the spirit in man, the inspiration from the Almighty. The gracious author of being has given us faculties whereby we can know and appreciate and rejoice, in the infinite variety of things around. We have a sense of the beautiful imparted to us, and that corresponds with the richness of our possessions. One thing is set over against the other—that either the resemblance or the contrast may contribute to our delight and well-being. Beautiful is the day spring from on high, and beautiful the night, which, whilst hiding many objects from the view, the more gloriously displays others. And our souls would be very beautiful did we hearken, as we should, to the voice of the good spirit within, give due heed to its calls, and humbly and devoutly receive through these the revelations of the Spirit. We have been told of the harmony of the spheres, which, if once heard, would fill the soul with rapture. There is a higher, a nobler, a more enduring harmony than this. It is the still, small voice which fell on the prophet's ear, and may fall on ours. The voice of God, of conscience; the voice to the inner man telling of love, and joy, and peace; the fruits of the spirit, telling of him who is invisible to mortal eyes, yet who has manifested himself in the face of the beloved, and assuring us that all things are made beautiful, that so we may have enjoyment in them in his presence for evermore.

"Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come."

HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

We want a few private words with the boys. The truth is, we have a great idea of boys. We used to think men were made of boys. We begin to think now that those were old-fashioned notions, that they are all out of date.

We look around and see a great many persons grown up, with men's clothes on, who are called men. But they act and behave so that we feel certain that they were never made out of boys.

If they had been, they would know how to behave better. Where they came from, we do not know. But what we wish to put into the ears of the boys is this—be gentlemen. In this country every boy may grow up to be a gentleman if he will. It is not necessary that he should become rich—and most boys think it is—nor is it necessary that he should become a great scholar, nor that he should become a distinguished man.

But some impatient ones are asking, How can we become gentlemen? How can a boy go about making himself one? Can he work for it? Yes, he can. And the harder he works in the right way, the better. Can he study for it? Yes, he can. But he must study with his eyes and ears. Reading books and newspapers is not enough. He must think and feel as well as speak and act. Can he buy it? No, he cannot. Money will buy a great many things, but it will not buy what makes a gentleman. If you have money you can go to a shop and buy clothes. But hat, coat, and boots do not make a gentleman. They make a fop, and sometimes they come near making a fool.

Money will buy dogs and horses. But how many dogs and horses do you think it will take to make a gentleman? Let no boy, therefore, think he is to be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends.

Not one or all of these things do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, have no horses, live in a poor house, and spend but little money, and still be a gentleman. But how? By being true, manly, and honourable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and respecting others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.—*Parish Visitor.*

Liberality makes friends of enemies; pride makes enemies of friends.

HOW TO PREACH.

NOT a few of our lay friends are now engaged in conducting religious services on the Sunday, and therefore a few hints may be of some value to them. We presume the following aphorisms about preaching have been collected for what is called the regular ministry, but they are equally good for all ministers, teachers, preachers, and instructors in general. We have never met with a better collection of pretty sayings, and so give them for the benefit of all :—

"How to Preach. Make no apologies. If you have the Lord's message, declare it; if not, hold your peace. Have short prefaces and introductions. Say your best things first, and stop before you get prosy. Do not spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup. Leave self out of the pulpit and take Jesus in. Defend the Gospel and let the Lord defend you and your character. If you are lied about, thank the devil for putting you on your guard, and take care that the story shall never come true. Let your beard grow. Throw away your cravat. If you do not 'want to break,' make your shirt collar an inch larger, and give your blood a chance to flow back to the heart. Do not get excited too soon. Do not run away from your hearers.

"Engine driving wheels fly fast with no load, but when they draw anything they go slower. It takes a cold hammer to bend a hot iron. Heat up the people, but keep the hammer cool. Do not bawl and scream. Too much water stops mill wheels, and too much noise drowns sense. Empty vessels ring the loudest. Powder isn't shot. Thunder isn't lightning. Lightning kills. If you have lightning, you can afford to thunder, but do not thunder out of an empty cloud.

"Do not scold the people. Do not abuse the faithful souls who come to meeting rainy days because of the others that do not come. Preach the best to smallest assemblies. Jesus preached to one woman at the well, and she got all Samaria to hear him next time. Ventilate your meeting room. Sleeping in church is due to bad air oftener than to bad manners. Do not repeat sentences, saying, 'as I said before.' If you said it before say something else after. Leave out words you cannot define. Stop your declamation and talk to folks.

"Come down from your stilted ways and sacred tones, and 'become as a little child.' Change the subject if it goes hard. Do not tire yourself and every one else out. Do not preach till the middle of your sermon buries the beginning and is buried by the end. Beware of long prayers, except in the closet. Where weariness begins devotion ends. Look people in the face, and live so that you are not afraid of them.

"Take long breaths. Fill your lungs, and keep them full. Stop to breathe before the air is exhausted. Then you will not finish off each sentence-ah, with a terrible gasp-ah, as if you were dying for air-ah, as some good people do-ah, and so strain their lungs-ah, and never find it out-ah, because their friends do not tell them-ah, and so leave them to make sport for the Philistines-ah. Inflate your lungs.

"It is easier to run a saw-mill with a full pond than an empty one. Be moderate at first. Hoist the gate a little way! When you are half through, raise a little more; when nearly done put on a full head of water. Aim at a mark. Hit it! Stop and look where the shot struck; then fire another broadside. Pack your sermons. Make your words like bullets. A board hurts a man worst when it strikes him edgewise."

HOLY PLACES.

The holy Nanac on the ground one day,
Reclining with his feet toward Mecca lay.
A passing Moslem priest, offended, saw,
And flaming for the honour of his law,
Exclaimed: "Base infidel, thy prayers repeat!
Toward Allah's house how dar'st thou turn thy feet?"
Before the Moslem's shallow accents died,
The pious, but indignant Nanac cried:
"And turn, then, if thou canst, toward any spot
Wherein the awful house of God is *not!*"

—*From the Arabic.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE ASSESSOR'S DAUGHTER.—A Sunday-school teacher was reading with her class on the taxation of the Roman Empire in "Luke," when a sweet little girl asked eagerly: "Did all go to be taxed?" "Yes, all." "I thought," said the child, "some of them moved away." The little one is a daughter of one of our assessors.

A BRAVE INVENTOR.—A man came to the late Duke of Wellington with a patented article. "What have you got to offer?" "A bullet-proof jacket, your Grace." "Put it on." The inventor obeyed. The Duke rang a bell. An aide-de-camp presented himself. "Tell the captain of the guard to order one of his men to load with ball cartridge!" The inventor disappeared, and was never seen again near the Horse Guards. No money was wasted in trying that invention.

IMPRESSIVE ACTING.—A ludicrous incident is reported by the *Bristol Post* to have occurred during Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann's performance in "Hamlet" at the new Theatre Royal on Monday evening. An elderly gentleman who had taken a seat in the dress circle remained a quiet spectator of the piece until the closet scene, in which Hamlet slays Polonius. Seeing the sword of the prince plunged through the arras, and the body of the aged courtier fall seemingly dead upon the stage, he jumped up in a state of evident trepidation, and, exclaiming, "It is most disgraceful that all these can sit quietly here and see an aged person deliberately murdered," rushed out of the circle. The box-keepers endeavoured to calm his fears and to explain to him that it was all a dramatic illusion, but he refused to be convinced, and bounced out of the house.

THE WAY TO WELCOME HIM.—"Papa will soon be here," said mamma to her little three-year-old boy; "what can Georgy do to welcome him?" And the mother glanced at the child's playthings, which lay scattered in wild confusion on the carpet. "Make the room neat," replied the little one, understanding the look, and immediately beginning to gather his toys into a basket. "What more can we do to welcome papa?" asked mamma, when nothing was wanting to the neatness of the room. "Be happy to him when he comes," cried the dear little fellow, jumping up and down with eagerness, as he watched at the window for his father's coming. Now, as all the dictionaries will testify, it is very hard to give good definitions, but did not little Georgy give the very substance of a welcome?—"Be happy to him when he comes."

THE QUACK AND HIS PATIENT.—"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling a patient's pulse, "that you consider me a humbug." "How odd it is," responded the patient, "that you can so accurately tell a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

COLD WATER.—We once read a tract on the various uses of cold water, and they were stated with much clearness to be very many. A paragraph in one of our papers adds to the number by stating, "A mob was dispersed in the city of Dublin by a fire engine, which played streams of water on it;" and a friend informs us that a stream or a pail of water will separate wild animals in the grasp of each other.

NATURAL HISTORY IN THE PULPIT.—A good story comes to the *Birmingham Post* concerning a town-bred curate, who had consented to do duty on Sunday for his friend, the rector of a country parish in the Midlands. The subject of the morning sermon was the parable of the prodigal son, and, in the hope of impressing upon his hearers the joy which the patriarch felt on the return of his son, as instanced by his ordering the fatted calf to be killed, the young curate felt a pardonable pride in dwelling upon a subject which could not fail to be comprehensible to the dullest plough-boy in the congregation. "Remember," he said, "this was no ordinary calf which was to be killed; it was no common calf or beast suffering from murrain; no half-starved calf, slowly awaiting death. No! it was not even merely a fatted calf; but," becoming more impressive, "it was *the* fatted calf which had been prized and loved by the family *for many years!*" A sea of wide eyes and gaping mouths arrested for a moment the eloquence of the fledgling parson, and in the next there was such a chuckling and grins and fluttering of old heads below as had not been witnessed even in the memory of the quaint legged sexton for more than "many years."

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